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on which it is placed. The Art of Wood Engraving has been recently carried to an astonishing and unexampled pitch of excellence in Britain—a consequent result of that general diffusion of knowledge of the principles of light and shadow, and of picturesque effect, which constitute two of the chief characteristics of modern British Art. But this success should not tempt the wood-engraver from his proper sphere—ne sutor ultra crepidam. We respect and admire the elephant very much, but have no desire to see him, or her, (for we believe the one most in vogue at present is a lady,) dancing a hornpipe—and much as we like the brazen serpent—we mean the musical instrument so called—as a fundamental bass in an orchestra, it would give us but little pleasure to hear it grunting out, (we cannot use the appropriate term,) in ever so captivating a style, a solo concerto. By the way, talking of wood cuts, has the reader ever seen “Northcote’s Fables,” published about a year since? Probably he has not—yet it is, of its kind, one of the most beautiful of books!

*Elements of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, with the First Principles of Analytic Geometry.* By James Thomson, L.L.D., Professor of Mathematics in Belfast College. Second Edition, Belfast, Simms and McIntyre. 1830.

THOUGH this is called a second edition, it is, in fact, the first offered to the public; the former having been intended chiefly as a text-book for Dr. Thomson’s pupils, and written as an outline to be filled up and illustrated orally in his lectures. In the present edition “the investigations are given at such length as to be easily understood by readers of ordinary talents and attainments;” and it has been the author’s aim, to comprise in a small compass, useful and interesting matter, “so that the person who shall make himself well acquainted with what it contains, will find it easy to acquire a knowledge of all that is yet known in Trigonometry, and to apply it to Astronomy, and other branches of Science.” Dr. Thomson’s high character as a Mathematician, and the deserved success of his Treatises on Arithmetic and Modern Geography, are powerful recommendations of the present work; whilst the execution of it, both in printing and plates, is highly creditable to the press of Belfast, and shows that excellence in this department is not confined to the capital, but is to be found also in at least one of our provincial towns.

*A Compendium of Astronomy, and an Astronomical Dictionary, designed for the Youth of both sexes.* By R. T. Linnington.—London, Whittaker and Treacher. 1830.

THIS Compendium aims simply at offering a methodical arrangement of the elementary parts of astronomical science, collected from the latest works of the most eminent astronomers. As a popular compilation, introductory to more profound and scientific works upon the subject, we can warmly recommend it, as a clear and intelligent treatise, full of useful information to the uninitiated; and easily understood. There are few, if any, mathematical calculations employed in the work, but, as a mere Introduction to works of a higher order, we prefer it considerably to Ferguson or Keill, and it is less bulky than either. To the treatise itself, an *Astronomical Dictionary* is subjoined, compris-

ing an explanation of all the astronomical terms in general use, a brief memoir of the most celebrated astronomers of all times and places, an account of the different constellations, of the instruments chiefly used in astronomical observations, and a variety of desirable information. The writer is a teacher in the City-Road, London.

*The Ghost of Freedom; or, a Voice from the Stone on which the Treaty of Limerick was signed. A satirical Poem on the History of Ireland; with Notes.* By Michael Sellers.—Dublin, 1830.

A copy of a coarse-looking little book, under the above astonishing title, was left some time ago at our office. We dipped into Canto 15, and read as follows:—

“But Billy had also some reason to know,  
That he had some friends in the island of green,  
Fortune planted seed which corruption let grow,  
While virtue denied the poor papist a screen.”

We thought this rather a bad hit of the satirical rogue, and turned over a new leaf in hope of something better; this was our reward:—

“But tho’ James had bequeathed his warriors to chance,  
Tho’ fortune did frown on their fate at the Boyne,  
The trumpet of fame still bid them advance,  
For in Limerick the females were ready to join.  
And the man attended to the woman’s call;  
The brave indignant soul was burning,  
Death, or Glory! let us fall:  
Let Limerick’s ruins be our mourning.”

The sublimity of this passage was too powerful to admit of our reading a word farther; we laid the Ghost of Freedom on our shelf, among the rest of the rubbish, never, we hope, to rise again.

## PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

### *The Monthly Magazine.* February.

THE articles are not so well worked-up in this, or indeed in any of the Magazines, as in Blackwood, but this is a lively, varied, and entertaining Number. Walks in Ireland are better than usual, though they are generally good. The Devil’s Mill, a Lucan, or rather Luttrellstown story, reminds us strongly of a German tradition, from which we more than suspect it is principally borrowed. We think the German story has somewhere appeared in an English dress; our own recollection of it is a little misty, but it runs somewhat thus:

The Devil’s Mill.—(From the German.)

There is a mountain called Ramberg, in the district of the Harz, the peak of which is crowned with enormous blocks of granite, piled in gigantic masses of the most fantastic shape. If the reader happens to be acquainted with the rocks called the Needles, near the Bailey, in the Bay of Dublin, and imagine them ten times as high, and based upon a lofty cliff, he will have some conception of the group in question, which, like the structure on the road to Lucan, is called the Devil’s Mill.

At the foot of the mountain, a mill once stood, raised in the ordinary way, by human hands. It had provided bread to many successive generations of jolly millers, till at length a peevish discontented tenant got possession, who continually grumbled at every thing about him, but especially, that in the shelter of the valley, he could seldom get a cap-full of wind to drive his mill. In the depth of his discontent,

after a three days’ calm, during which he could not grind a grain, he wished in the bitterness of his heart, that the devil would fly away with his mill, and fix it on the highest pinnacle of the peak of the Ramberg.

Parlez du diable et voila sa queue. Auld Hornie was at his elbow in the twinkling of a bedstaff, with a “what’s your will,” on his tongue’s end, and a ready promise of complaisance with the wish of the miller, or rather an engagement to build a new and much better mill on the proposed site, on the usual condition of leasing his soul and the mill together, for a term of years, after which they were to revert to the new proprietor.

Eager as the miller was for a nice new mill, on the top of the Ramberg, he demurred for some time to the condition of the horned devil. At length, however, the calm continuing, and his customers growing importunate for their flour, he sullenly assented to the stipulation, scratched his arm with a bit of glass, and sealed the compact with his blood; while the Devil, on his part, agreed to build a perfect model of corn-mills, on the appointed spot, before cock-crow the next morning. Night fell, cold and dark, dreary and wet, and dismal, but the Devil was in his element, and worked like himself, while his brother demons tossed him the huge granite rocks, each in itself a mountain, from the summit of the neighbouring Blocsberg, as easily as an Irishman could throw stones to a pavour in the plains of Piccadilly.

Many hands make light work—the mill was speedily completed, and the Devil called down upon the miller to request he would step up, and see how he liked the job. Gladly would the miller have been spared the excursion at such a time and place, and in such company, but old Sootie cried “honour among thieves,” and the reluctant miller was obliged to comply, his only remaining hope being that he might find some defect in the mill, which would enable him to refuse taking it off the builder’s hands as a finished structure.

Now it happened some years before this, that the miller had married a wife, and she was a gentle and pious woman, though mated to so wicked a husband, and she saw and feared the visits of the tall, ill-looking man with the lame foot, and she prayed Heaven to avert all evil and mischief from her husband, and when she saw he was going away from his home with the ill-favoured stranger, at that suspicious hour of the night, she did not attempt to restrain him, for that she knew would only inflame his determined obstinacy, but she besought him to take their eldest little boy with him, to keep him company, for, she said in her heart, if he be tempted to mischief, he will look on little Hans, and withhold his hand from harm, for our innocent child’s sake.

So the miller took his son in his hand, and set out with Auld Cloutie for their guide, and scaled up the rough and shingly side of the mountain, as easily and swiftly as ever they glided over the green sward in summer, but the miller trembled as he went for all that, and stood aghast, when on reaching the ridge of the hill, the moon, emerging from behind a dense mass of dark vapours, discovered a stupendous mill of faultless finish, which a rising gust set in full motion, wanting nothing but corn, in order to yield a plentiful supply of the finest flour imaginable. But the miller had read the Bible in his youth, and heard it upon Sundays still, and both as he climbed the mountain, and gazed

upon the mill, despite of the presence of the Evil One, the same awful text still rang in his ears, "What shall it profit a man though he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" The pains of hell gat hold upon him, and in the agonies of a late repentance he prayed for forgiveness and mercy. The Devil grinned in mockery, but just then little Hans, who had been running about into all the holes and corners, delighted with the magnificent building he found so unexpectedly in so extraordinary a place, ran up to his father, exclaiming, "Oh, papa, papa, did you ever see so beautiful a mill! only there's no gudgeon-stone for the axle to play in, and the upper mill-stone waggles in its socket." A drowning man will catch at a straw—the miller, breathing a prayer to Heaven for his deliverance, insisted strongly that the Devil had not fulfilled his bargain: the enemy maintained he had, but, after a long and fierce debate, which was purposely lengthened out by the miller for the end he had in view, the Infernal architect agreed to finish the dispute, by supplying the deficiency which the boy's sagacity had discovered so opportunely. He flew away for this purpose, and was in the act of alighting on his return, with the missing stone in his claw, when the miller's cock was heard distinctly crowing at day-dawn in the vale below. "Vade retro Sathanas," shouted the exulting miller, the demon vanished in a thunder-clap which upset the mill, and shook the surrounding hills to their foundations, while the miller's wife, and his boy Hans, jogging him at the same moment in the bed, asked, him "What he was trembling, and sweating, and grunting for, in his sleep, at that rate?"

We shall not absolutely take upon us to affirm that the story ever appeared in this form before, indeed we have a shrewd suspicion that we have been inventing most part of it, whilst we wrote, but we think it is nearly as good as the Magazine story at all events, in which the Devil's defeat is made to turn on the trite incident of a command to twist a rope of sand, which, baffling him, compels him to give in.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, February 8, 1830.

You will be gratified to hear, that notwithstanding the obstacles thrown in the way of Science and Literature by the old court party, they continue to make gradual way, and the Royal Family have good sense enough to feel, that in proportion as they encourage the Arts and Sciences, their own reputation and power will increase. Since the beginning of the year, more than twenty new periodical papers, chiefly devoted to Science, have appeared in different parts of France and in Paris, all those which were well conducted have met with good success. The *Globe*, which has hitherto appeared only twice a week, is now to be published every day, and two new Literary Papers are announced to commence in March or April. There is indeed one great advantage possessed by the projectors of periodical papers in this country, which is denied to you in England. In France, for a very small additional sum, all periodical works are distributed throughout the country by the post office, so that for a sum less than what is paid for the stamp alone in England, the inhabitant of Bordeaux or Marseille may receive a Paris paper—with this great

facility, it is not to be wondered at, that newspapers and periodicals devoted to Literature and Science, encrease and prosper. There is now scarcely any profession in France which has not a Journal exclusively devoted to it. The law has two daily papers, the medical profession has two or three, the Drama has not less than ten, and each of seven or eight handicraft professions, has either a daily or a weekly Journal. There is another very gratifying thing to notice, as connected with the French periodical press. In Great Britain, gentlemen connected with the press are obliged, as it were, to create for themselves the distinction in society, to which their talents and pursuits fairly entitle them. The aristocracy of birth, attempting to treat them with disrespect, and the aristocracy of wealth frequently acting with rudeness and insult towards persons of great mental superiority. In France, the case is very different, there is here no better passport to good society than the reputation of being connected with a respectable political or literary periodical, and any person however exalted his rank, or however enormous his wealth, who should be guilty of disrespect towards a *Littéraire*, would himself be considered unworthy to mix with good society; this feeling is not confined to political party. In the salons of the ministers, as well as in the delightful *soirées* of General Lafayette, literary men are treated with such attention, that they never for a moment feel themselves ill at ease, or desire those distinctions of birth and property, which are but too frequently considered in England, the only certificates of fitness to mix with the upper classes.

The *Moniteur* of Tuesday and Wednesday last, contains an 18th letter from M. Champollion, dated Thebes. It would be impossible to give you within any reasonable compass an analysis of this letter, which fills several columns of the *Moniteur*. It is chiefly devoted to an account of the examination of the remains of Meneptheion, a large building constructed by the son and successor of Rhamses the Great, and of a mass of monuments surrounding it, which mark all the different periods of Egyptian history. In some of these ruins, M. Champollion found paintings in tolerable preservation, which have enabled him to give a long and interesting account of the manners and customs of the age in which they were executed. It must be allowed that this scientific traveller has accomplished his task with great skill and attention, he has indeed stated but few new main facts, because the ground had been already gone over by equally zealous but less able explorers of antiquity. But, however, for a complete history of the remains of Egyptian greatness, M. Champollion's work is very satisfactory.

Great attention is now paid by the French government, to the treatment of persons imprisoned for different offences; at the last meeting of the Royal Society for the improvement of prisons in France, at which the Dauphin presided, a circumstantial report was read, of the various works which had been executed in every department of the country, for the amelioration of the treatment of prisoners, from which it appeared, that the number of deaths among prisoners had been reduced from a proportion of one in ten, to only one in thirty. Their moral conduct had been considerably improved, and habits of industry had been so successfully cultivated, that in the course of the last twelve months, 15,000 prisoners had

earned 1,480,000 francs, of which 585,000 had been distributed among them, and 480,000 carried to the fund reserved for them on their discharge, so that when turned again upon society, they may not be driven by necessity to the commission of new crimes.

There have been no publications of interest since my last letter, the *Memoires of Robespierre* excite a little attention, but as the relations of that extraordinary man declare positively that they are fictitious, and support their statement by some undoubted facts, they are not expected to obtain a very great sale: the last number of the *Revue Encyclopédique* is now before me, it contains some very long but admirably written articles on public education, and the attempt recently made to impede its progress, and there are also some good essays on political and moral science, but generally speaking, the work is rather dull. Under the head of Germany, there is an account of the comparative number of books published in France and Germany, from which it would appear that from the year 1814 to the year 1826 inclusive, there were published in Germany, 50,803 new works, and in France, 33,775, being an excess for Germany of 16,528, this excess is probably to be attributed more to the cheapness of the cost of production, than to the greater demand for mental food among the Germans. The same work contains a table of the number of suicides in the different provinces of Lombardy, from which it appears, that in Brescia there is annually one suicide in 120,256 inhabitants; in Lodi 109,410; in Como, one in 100,749; in Cremona, one in 72,747; in Milan and its territory, one in 53,238. The weather has lately been excessively severe; and some parts of the Seine at Paris were frozen, even a second time, which is considered an extraordinary occurrence, and at Rouen the navigation was again completely stopped. M. Arago, the celebrated astronomer, stated a few days ago, that towards the middle of the present month the cold would be greater than it had been at all, owing to the breaking up of the polar ice, which he says exerts a considerable influence on the atmosphere of Europe. This gentleman however, is, I think, destined to have his prediction falsified, for a thaw has come on, and there is every prospect of a total change in the weather.

London, February 10th.

The last week was a very dull one among publishers—there was not, indeed, a single book published worthy of notice. The second volume of Moore's *Byron* is expected to be ready in a few weeks. The first volume has lately sold so well, that, notwithstanding the high price paid to Mr. Moore, Mr. Murray is expected to clear a handsome sum by the undertaking. Mr. Power's *Novel of the Lost Heir* sells very well, and has met with kind treatment from the critics. The chief publishers' business since the meeting of Parliament is in pamphlets; not fewer than fourteen have appeared, within the last few days, upon the currency. Lord Palmerston has printed one on Mexico, which excites much attention; and last night Lord Rosmore published his appeal in behalf of the Ex-Parliamentary Peers of Ireland and Scotland. It is forcibly written. Several pamphlets on South America have appeared. Two of them are attributed to Madrid and Goristiza, the Colombian and Mexican ambassadors. Those are both very clever men, and